35p

INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM

NIHILIST NEWSPAPER FOR THE LIVING

521984





"I'm doing it more this year."

Love play led to woman's death

Clinic for 'jolly nice people'

By DAVID LOSHAK
Health Services Correspondent

STOCKBROKERS, company executives, middle-class housewives, women doctors, diplomats, solicitors and retired people are among those who have paid £55 for private treatment at the British United Provident Association's "special clinic."

Opened six months ago near King's Cross, it is the only private clinic in Britain for the diagnosis and treatment of venereal disease.

"Without exception they are jolly nice people," the doctor in charge said. "These are thoroughly decent men and women, responsible citizens and mostly happily married.

"Many become infected in the Far East where it can be an insult to turn down your host's offer of a woman."

Korea tops list

Others sought treatment after a Mediterranean summer holiday or ski-ing in Switzerland. Wives had been infected by their husbands as well as through casual encounters.

Men and women have come to the clinic from all over Britain, though most are from the South-east.

Korea is top of the list for giving British visitors the infections, followed by Pangkok, Singapore, Manila, Hongkong and Japan. "But it can happen anywhere to anyone who is lonely in a hotel room," the doctor said.

Most of the conditions were curable with antibiotic treatment. But repeated infection might lead to chronic problems.

"We point out the risks, but we fully realise that what they do when they go abroad again is a matter for their own judgment."

Latest statistics show that venereal disease is rising in England by about one per cent. annually. There were nearly 400,000 cases last year.

thing ... apply
... that it's time to l
... heart-to-heart about your se
relationship.

I must have children

I want children more than anything in the world, but so far at the age of 29, haven't found a girl to marry. I'm now dating a girl I think could be the one, and she wants children too. But how can I find out whether or not she's capable of having them?

THERE'S no way of finding out if, together, you and she can become parents, without actually trying for a baby and succeeding, or not. That is, of ... So also is

A WHISKY bottle used in "love play" during a drunken orgy led to the death of a 49-year-old Abridge woman.

Two men, one of them a pensioner, arrested on suspicion of murdering her, were later cleared, an Epping inquest heard last Wednesday.

Harry Chambers (53) of Jersey Road, Plaistow, and John Langer (79) of Jones Road, Plaistow, were regular visitors to Mrs Doris Abraham's home at Pancroft, Abridge, the court was told.

IN BED

When the two men arrived to see her, on the evening of July 15 Mrs Abrahams was in bed with a foot injury, said Detective Inspector Ronald Dye, who led the inquiry into her death.

Both men had been drinking heavily before they got there and Mrs Abrahams had also had a vast quantity of drink.

"All three were heavily intoxicated," he said.

They began to indulge in "love play" and on one occasion they inserted the neck of an empty whisky bottle into her vagina.

When they took it out they noticed some blood, the court heard.

At that stage the man Mrs Abrahams live with, Mr John Hanna, returned home and ordered the two men out of the house.

Mr Hanna had been aware of her association with the two men, said Inspector Dye.

Mr Hanna had often seen Mrs Abraham drunk, so he left her in bed and tried to stem the bleeding.

Both Mr Chambers and Mr Langer returned to the house later as they had missed their last bus home. They wanted to stay the night as they had on several previous occasions.

But Mr Hanna refused them admission.

Mr Hanna checked on Mrs Abraham and found her in a bad condition. He called a neighbour and they came to the conclusion that she was dead.

Inspector Dye said the story unfolded through interviews with the two men, who had been arrested on the suspicion of her murder.

No charges were brought against them as the Director of Public Prosecutions decided there was not sufficient evidence.

Dr Peter Jerreat, pathologist, told the court there was severe bruising to the entrance of the deceased's vagina and a four-inch cut inside her vagina.

BLOOD TESTS

Blood tests showed there was 439 mgs of alcohol to every 100 mls of blood and she had alcoholic serosis. He said that although 50 per cent of the population would die through this high level of alcohol, in his view it was the cut in her vagina which caused her to bleed to death.

Harry Chambers told the court he had looked after Mrs. Abraham like a sister.

"I was very fond of her. It is a shame she is gone: that is all I have got to say."

John Langer said: "I'm very sorry indeed for what happened. I liked her very, very much. She was one of the few women I really liked."

Coroner Dr Charles Clark recorded a verdict of accidental death.

Jealous husband hit wife with pick-axe handle

JEALOUSY incensed Mr Denis Askew of Chartwell Close, Waltham Abbey, to assault his wife Doreen with a pick-axe handle.

At Epping Court on Tuesday he pleaded guilty to assault causing actual bodily harm, and threatening to damage a van.

Mr. Askew said he and his wife were not speaking and on the day of the assault he had gone to work, had a few lunchtime drinks, and backed a winning horse at 20-1.

He tried to telephone his wife to make up their differences and arrange an evening out, but got no reply.

Remembering rumours about his wife having affairs with other men, he went home and entered by the back door.

He then lost control and lashed out, hitting her four times with the pick-axe handle.

She suffered severe bruising to her right side.

Mr. Askew then grabbed two suitcases and told her to leave, but later calmed down and said he did not want her to go.

Mrs. Doreen Askew moved out to her daughter's home in Springfields, Waltham Abbey.

When Mr Askew tried to phone her and the daughter said she was out, he threatened to smash her van.

The wife is at present sueing for divorce.

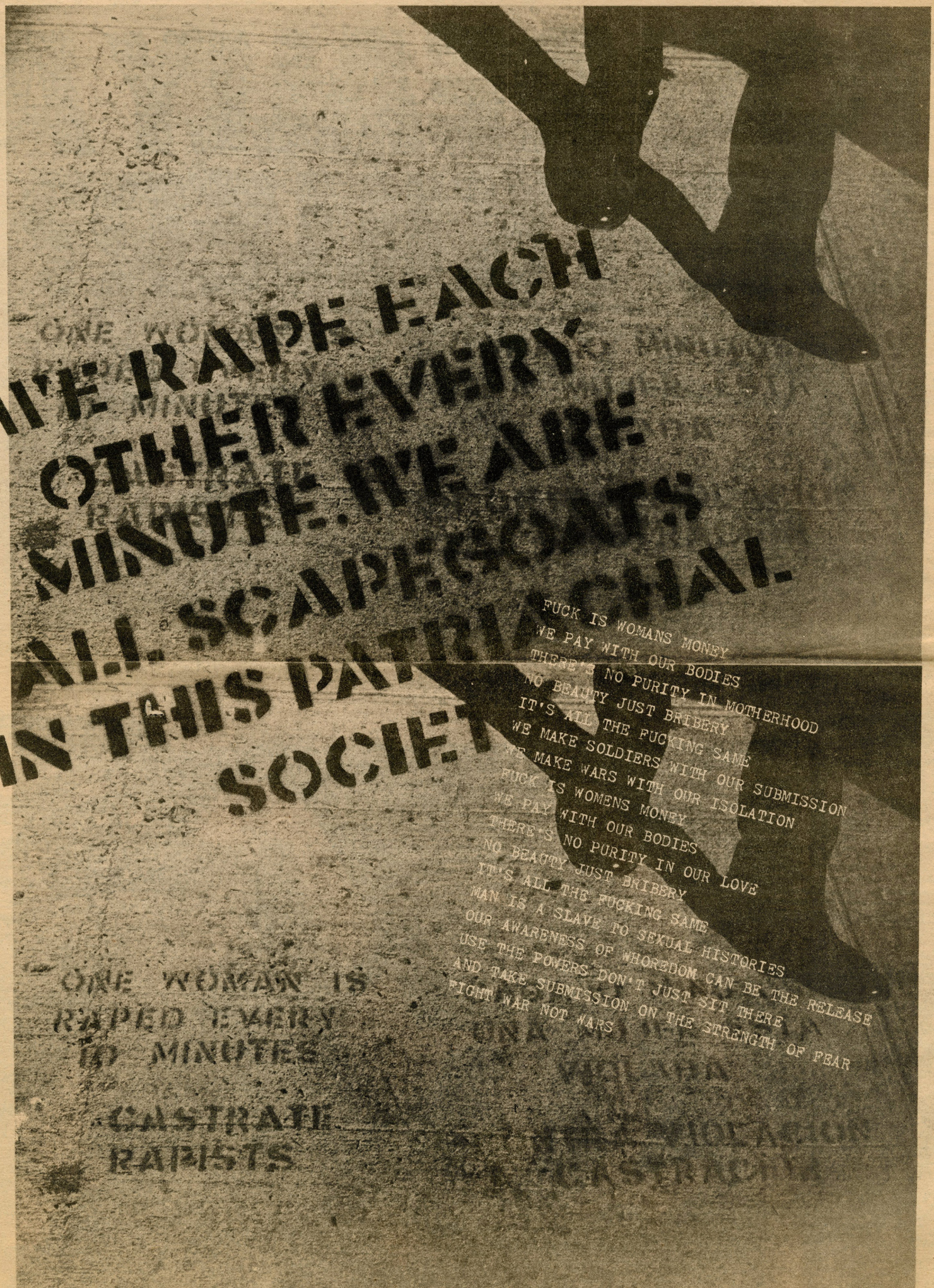
Said Mr Askew: "What a damn fool I have been. I have lost a good wife, daughter and grand-daughter.

Magistrates adjourned the case to November 3 for reports. Mr Askew was released on bail on the condition he makes no attempt to contact his wife or daughter.

Exit Stencil Press. January 1979 ©℗Ⓐ

YOU REALLY A LADYKILLER?




WE RAPE EACH
OTHER EVERY
MINUTE. WE ARE
ALL SCAPEGOATS
IN THIS PATRIARCHAL
SOCIETY
FUCK IS WOMANS MONEY
WE PAY WITH OUR BODIES
THERE'S NO PURITY IN MOTHERHOOD
NO BEAUTY JUST BRIBERY
IT'S ALL THE FUCKING SAME
WE MAKE SOLDIERS WITH OUR SUBMISSION
WE MAKE WARS WITH OUR ISOLATION
FUCK IS WOMENS MONEY
WE PAY WITH OUR BODIES
THERE'S NO PURITY IN OUR LOVE
NO BEAUTY JUST BRIBERY
IT'S ALL THE FUCKING SAME
MAN IS A SLAVE TO SEXUAL HISTORIES
OUR AWARENESS OF WHOREDOM CAN BE THE RELEASE
USE THE POWERS DON'T JUST SIT THERE
AND TAKE SUBMISSION ON THE STRENGTH OF FEAR
FIGHT WAR NOT WARS
ONE WOMAN IS
RAPED EVERY
10 MINUTES
CASTRATE
RAPISTS

FRAY BENTOS & OTHER PERSONNEL

A REDIRECTION FROM — AUSCHWITZ —

O H A R G E N T I N I A.Again
The family,tight unit of four,are seated at the TABLE. The meat-pie steams in its tin container, the centre of the tableau. HELD. Beneath the jaggy ends. A bunch of plastic chrysanthemums, ethereal in the STEAM,(richer still)lends imperial majesty to THE occasion. The carp-lake, hands in the boiling water,ducking down AFTER the holocaust,singed now in the acrid sand, tapped upon the wooded foot-bridge,burnt away now,where the children bathed. The family smiles ITS sterile satisfaction,the packeged delight. Both bending now in the afternoon.BOTH. Already nine-thirty,the stem of my own implied knowledge. They bathe now the ROCKS,both,two. THE CHILDREN.
Of course. He sits. Now,still. He is BESIDE the glass of the apartment. Of course. He sits. MISSTED. The cattle push against the curly wire. Wide-eyed,pricked in his multi-death. Cows of his TEMPLE. Knowledge,the belly-past.
Repose.
THE CLACK OF IT.
Subversive in my access to INFORMATION,not by desire,by nature A THREAT.
The antimacassar lays upon the stubby floor, stainedin his memories,the axe-men that pursue across this prairie. He drops a burning cigar-but onto the monogrammed corner.A.N.R. ARGENTINIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS. Lest we forget. Forgotten when we have KNOWN. Threaded and woven,the silent scream at the gate to the asylum.
"They have their way."
THIS time. Not here a short-CIRCUIT. The pain in the side of MY HEAD. Read before of the cars that,hitting ice,race,uncontrolled,forward.
What is THE control?
D E C I S I O N
There is no assumption to be made of these out-comes,(but the blackened bodies of the INTERIOR Maybe MAYHEM. BABEL,(what is left now of it,so ravaged by lesser hands). Torn from other bitter moments,YOURS in the jagged edged of the meat-can,a juice that gags. The seed of MY bed. The lines in MY eyes. The slender animal has licked away all traces of my sperm. I can't forget. The embroidered line that runs across OUR desert. The pain in my head. The animals are so effete. My own fist,time and time again bought onto my skull. Right within,the axe-man of self. Who needs the village bungalows? I tear my hair, NOT IN HANDFULLS,from the scalp. This continental moment,resisted,when the window-shutters open to MY exposure. IT HANGS ON, TO BRUISE,MANY DAYS LATER. Now the bruises form, like blue ink-patches on my schoolboy desk, little stains aginst which and upon which we inscribe our names.
PORTER/BUCHANNAN/BUTCHER/SELMER. Run over for the years.(Rimbaud is NOT born?).
He holds my prick softly in his young hand, (never before TOUCHED,this pumping part of me). "Don't bother with mine,"he says gently,"I'll do it." He works our pricks in time. We come together,(so calculated his timing). Our sperm squirts in gobs onto the red and gold damask of the alter-cloth. Our love is buttoned away in the drab flannel of our school-uniform. SO LITTLE was SENSUAL that we CRIED. I saw him once, stripped naked in the birch forest. Sappling youth. AMONGST THE OTHER BODIES. He winks at me during morning prayer. I look for the stains in the cloth,the softness of his eye glazed in our lustiness. I look at the fleshy stains on the fly of my trousers, BENEATH THE RAIL OF THE PEW. His hand is BEATEN there. Little stains against which,into which and upon which we find our more rounded identities.
KEITH/NEIL/JEREMY/EDWARD. We never thought to carve them.(Penny is in the erection).
Each led away into the forest beyond the perimeter fence,into the silence of dew dripping from the boughs,the cathedral LIGHT. Temple death against the chimneys. HOLLOW POLES,shoved. The limbless CHILD,inflicted.
We inscribe our names as an inheritance. We make love for the moment. It has no PURPOSE. Pillow to purse.
ALL THE BUILDINGS OF GREAT ROME,tumbled in school boy delight.
Who is this stubble-faced hero? Some flown image of Che? or She? SHE WHAT?
Bounced away in its own indifference. Of course. His watch is a BRAND-mark.
If the janitor had had the wit,he would have mounted these carved wooded testimonials upon the chapel wall. His imagination is as dull as his past,(the BOTH are the OTHER,neither),what can he expect? Drab as the role of honour against which our names were a poetry,(and amongst which HE surely belonged),'to those that fell in the TWO GREAT WARS,may they etc.,etc.,etc.,He had fallen, his shell-struck mind and bomb beaten body acted as a far HEALTHIER reminder of THAT DROP than did the empty names illuminated in imitation gold-leaf upon the wall. Names that rung of mud-clodded boots,knee-deep they are in ROTTED CORPSE. Each name a limp flag. A body bag. A folded envelope, lined in printers black,'GONE'. Forgotten in the stripped pockets and toothless decay of the battlefields.
The INTERIOR is a wooden box. AGAINST THE CHIMNEYS. Would they waste the SHOVEL? Pillar to post.
The blood floats in pools of oil. Ruts, indentations,warly crators. THE MOUNDS OF MACHINE. Pools of oil that SUSPEND the blood,spilled by uncaring hands,BOTH,(both hands uncaring,hands both spilling oil and spilling blood,UNCARING). Run on the barren soil. Erections on the sand. Again and again and again.
THIS ARLINGTON SUMMER. She has learnt to MOVE. BATHING STILL IN those BLUE POOLS.
I draw my hand forward over the folded skin of my scrotum, reminded of the limbless TREE in the graveyard,beaten against the STONES. My balls drop back between my legs. I am healthy enough, drawn to sleep.
The two boys are demonstrating an averice. They play with the chrome wire of the bird cage.
THE INSTITUTION OF LEARNING.
The bruises now swell up,wider on the forehead A map of my despair,a technicolour chart of my DETERMINATION
DEI GRATIS.
This FREE god.
The white and yellow canary hops in feathery terror against the white painted plywood backing of the cage,its timid song is the monosyllabic chant of parkland sparrow. Swish of OAR in water, rattle of plastic beakers blown across the warm tarmac that curves off towards the lake.
When do you stop? When do you stop asking?
WHEN DOES THE MENISCUS BREAK?
On the furthest side of this oily expanse of water,(forever revolving,independent),an elderly

couple are drawn from their dreams,(a fusion of regrets,lost youth,the war that used IT),by the sound of shovel in pit. The dry sand thrown in HALF-BLADES,from this,as yet,shallow excavation, catches the breeze and is carried in swirls through the AIR. The smell of hamburger. ROASTED. One wall of the pit is a granite rock running several feet below ground level,a momento of the grand ambitions of some Victorian landscape artists determination to leave testimony of his existence to those who FOLLOWED. The assumption stands,gathering moss,by the lakeside. Now,his masterpiece,if that is what he supposed it to be, is to become a tombstone. Granite-marker. Moorland pantomimes,REPEATED DAILY. Urban irrelevance. Abeaten child who,even in death, seeks a saviour. I AM NOT HE.

11pm.Dec 28.78. Two men of medium height are seen breaking into the vaults of a well known CITY BANK.

L I V E R P O O L

The neon sign is suspended in my bedroom. A frank and lucid description of my sexuality. Piece by piece the jig-saw knits. A delicate coastal scene. Gulls swept across a surf-tipped ocean,as in the cats tail. Grey stone cottages CLING,like frost on HAW mornings,to steep cliff-FACES. All a granite-stone. The eldest boy sweeps his hand across the formica table-top. These sixteen years. His brother bends to reach pieces unbroken in fall from table to floor.

A MODEL FAMILY.

The family,tight unit of four,stand on the cliff tops,arrayed,arranged,looking at the WAVES. A small girl,(she wears a yellow pleated dress and a turquoise blouse),holds her fathers hand. A boy stands near the edge of the cliff,sand is carried in swirls through the air,beneath the edge the orange and brown of the nylon carpet tufts up between his mothers legs. DRAWN BY THE PLACENTA.

"Why?"asks the boy. He is still young. His brother brings his clenched hand hard onto the back of his neck. He falls under the impact,onto the arm of the vinyl couch."Cunt,"he says,"cunt". By 9.30pm all personnel will be clear of the building. All activity will cease between 9.31pm and 6.29am. GUARD DOGS WILL PATROL THE PERIMETER FENCE.

On the highway between the two cities,parallel to a defunct trunk-road,a family saloon,four door,six cylinder,Ford overdrive,speeds its way from center to center. There,dug like caverns from the gloom of early industrial boom housing, are the temples of CONSUMERISM. Dwelling place of the THIRD RICHE. Each are identical,(smiles are an act of complacency),each a formalisation of EVERYTHING that has been,(not a HISTORY but a RECORD),and a sterilisation of everything that WILL,(might is a dream of philosophers),BE. They search,these highway families,in the junkyards of their own greed. Cerebral reflections AGAINST THE PLATE-GLASS. Jetties of relief in the drab con-formity of which they know nothing. Prepared in, and as,the plastic replicas that they were given as children. Th pretence that is the crippled guilt of parenthood and the abstract seed of desire. Toytown crucifixes,(does she not wear them still? In her cleavage?) They search out trinkets that might,if it were not so transparent to anyone but their DUPLICATED THOUSANDS,(that duplication is,although realised,religiously IGNORED,resisted,in the individual expressions of the CONFORMITY. The self of supermarket store that SLIDES upon the dance floor,tabooless,EACH the FASCIST DICTATOR),show them as purveyers of taste and discrimination. The nature of the twentieth century technology has denied ANYONE that discretion and,as yet,unlike the Japanese tea-master who hunts the market stalls for FAULTY KOREAN tableware,(Enolas finger clippings) cherishing the mistakes as acts of some other power than DESIGN,they seek only PERFECTION. One sided depth. Perspective,by which they are HELD as ideas of themselves. STILL NOW. Graceless. All sensuality is destroyed in the pressing shop, denied as ACCIDENT from those that seek an ALTERNATIVE. Not theirs. Punishment as production fault. The masters of eveness have NO DOUBT.

The car swerves on a patch of oil ejected several hours beforehand from the unserviced engine of a heavy goods vehicle. As yet the juggernaut has not been called. The bulldozer on the farmland,the inmates stranded against the curly wire. So close to HOME,the chicken beneath HIS ARM. Law demands that these vehicles comply to strict safety standards,nature decrees other-wise. As the family is hurtled into the concrete buttress of a highway bridge,at the speed of nearly 72mph.,the driver of the goods vehicle is easing the tailboard into a narrow space left between the badly parked cars along the verge of his OWN ghetto. The estate,a bleak and un-imaginative blot on an architects desk,is the lifeblood of the massive industrial complex situated half a mile to the west. The wet south-westerly winds carry rain and pollution from the factory chimneys,(the residents association has long since given up complaining about the effects this has on their ENVIROMENT. Nearly ALL the residents of the estate are employed by firms within the industrial complex). Every Auschwitz has its Berkenau.

I ask the right to TILL the field,AWAY FROM THE CHIMNEYS,to warm the bed,THAT IS MINE,to sleep beneath A ROOF. The very idea is rhetorical. Already I seek DEMAND. What is it that we OPPOSE?

"Bastards."He spits the butt of his cigarette onto the worn rubber mat,the glowing tip illuminates the crumpled messages of last weeks headlines. 'WILL TROOPS BE CALLED IN?' 'STATE OF EMERGENCY. A POSSIBILITY.'

"Fucking bastards,why can't they fucking park..." He swings the tailboard quickly around,onto the grass verge,the wheels bounce on the concrete paving slabs,jerking the truck back onto the primrose yellow bonnet of an Austin A40 saloon. The mud beneath the grass pushes up from the weight,splashing onto the pavement. A jagged line on the paintwork. A black dog pisses against a bollard. "Fucking bastards."

The castrated body floats still upon the lake. The hair is rich with plankton.

A park bench has been mounted in concrete in the center of one of the triangles of grass that act as play areas for the dogs and children of the estate. The brass plaque,inscribed with a dedication to the architect of the housing and industrial complex,(one of the same,BOTH),has been torn from the back-rest. Two trees,planted at the same time of the official presentation of the bench,stand limbless in the wire cages.

It is 6.10pm,the boys sit in the vinyl couch watching a news report,illumination by the BLUE of the cathode-ray.

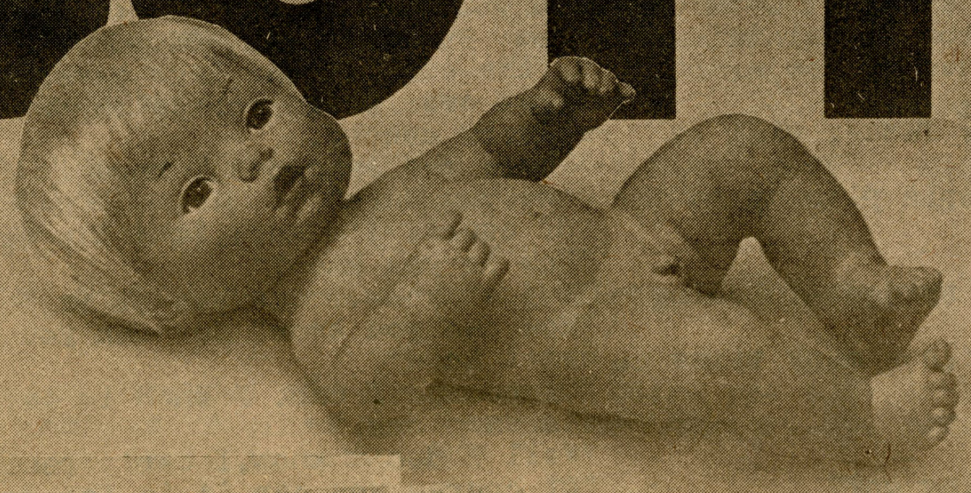


'....hoping for a new year getaway to Spanish coastal resorts were detained today at Gatwick airport because of strike action by maintainance staff,they have been entertained by conjurors and comedians employed by the.....'
"Right you two,get it off,your father will be home soon and....."
'.....are coming in of a multiple pile up on the highway between.....'
"Get it off....NOW".
'.....to have swerved into a bridge,exploding on impact,several other....'
"Look,get the bloody thing off,how many times do I have to tell you?"
'.....several deaths have.....'
"Christ."
"What's that fucking thing doing on?"
'.....to emergency wards.....'
"Off,get that fucking thing off,I don't want to know,I've been driving all day and I don't want to know about stupid fuckers who can't even.....
'.....surgeons have been dealing with the severely burnt and....'
"Jesus Christ,get it off will you?"
"Fucking get it off you little bastards."
"Do you want to eat now or later?"
"Now. Fucking hell,NOW.NOW."
By the edge of the lake several species of duck fight over bread scraps thrown to them by an elderly couple.
"Thats the same one,I know it is."
"Are you sure?"
"Of course I'm sure,it's the same one,I know it.
"How do you know?"
"I just know.I can see it is."
"How can you know? How can you see it is? You can't know".
"Of course I can. I know it is. Look,look,it is the same one."
"Well I don't know,I can't really tell."
"Of course you can,it is,for goodness sake dear, can't you see? Look.Look".
"It isn't."
"Isn't what?"
"That."
"What isn't that?"
"It. It isn't that."
"It is."

"It is what?"
"It is the same one."
"Well....."
"It is the same one. It is. It is. I'm telling you,IT IS."
"Well I still don't know,you can't be sure. I don't think it is."
"Say what you like I.....Oh look,look,over there,aren't they sweet?"
"What?"
"Those children,over there,aren't they sweet?"
"Where?"
"Over there,there,oh look,there."
"Where? Where?"
"Oh you've missed them and they were so sweet, never mind dear. Now,you give me your bag of scraps,I've finished mine,and go and sit over there in your favourite bench,I'll finish the feeding,they're very hungry and they must be fed, you know you don't like feeding the ducks,give them to me,I'll do it. Look,over there,over there sit over there. Oh for goodness sake,over there your favourite bench."
"Where?"
"Over there."
"Where?"
"There,look,there."
"What?"
"The duck."
"No,the chair."
"It's the same."
"Which chair?"
"Oh please darling,be sensible. Your favourite chair,the one you always sit in."
"Chair?"
"Bench then,bench."
"Where?"
"Over there."
"I haven't sat in that chair before."
"Bench,and you have."
"I don't remember it".
"Of course you do."
"I don't."
"Last week."
"Last week?"
"We were here last week,you....."
In the blue of the bruises I see tiny lines of red,tumbled threads breaking out onto the surfaces. I close my eyes and let the retinal images sink back into my head.
The charred bodies of the motorway incident are pulled from the mangled wreckage of the family saloon. The six bodies are burnt beyond recognition,though it is possible to discern that

IT'S A BOY!





He's here for a very special purpose.

Children are sure to love him, because he's just about as real as he can be.

He has that natural baby-soft Tender Love skin. Drinks from his own bottle. Wets when he's full. Slips in and out of a sporty blue-and-yellow outfit. And he's built exactly the way little boys come into this world.

We think he's wonderful. And parents from coast to coast seem to agree.

Welcome, baby brother!

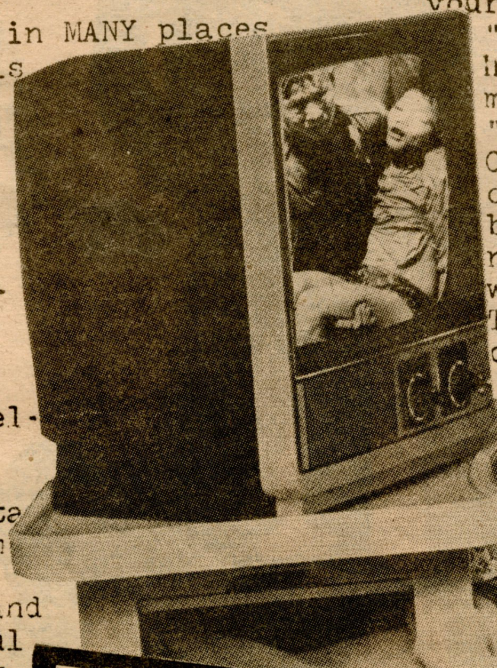


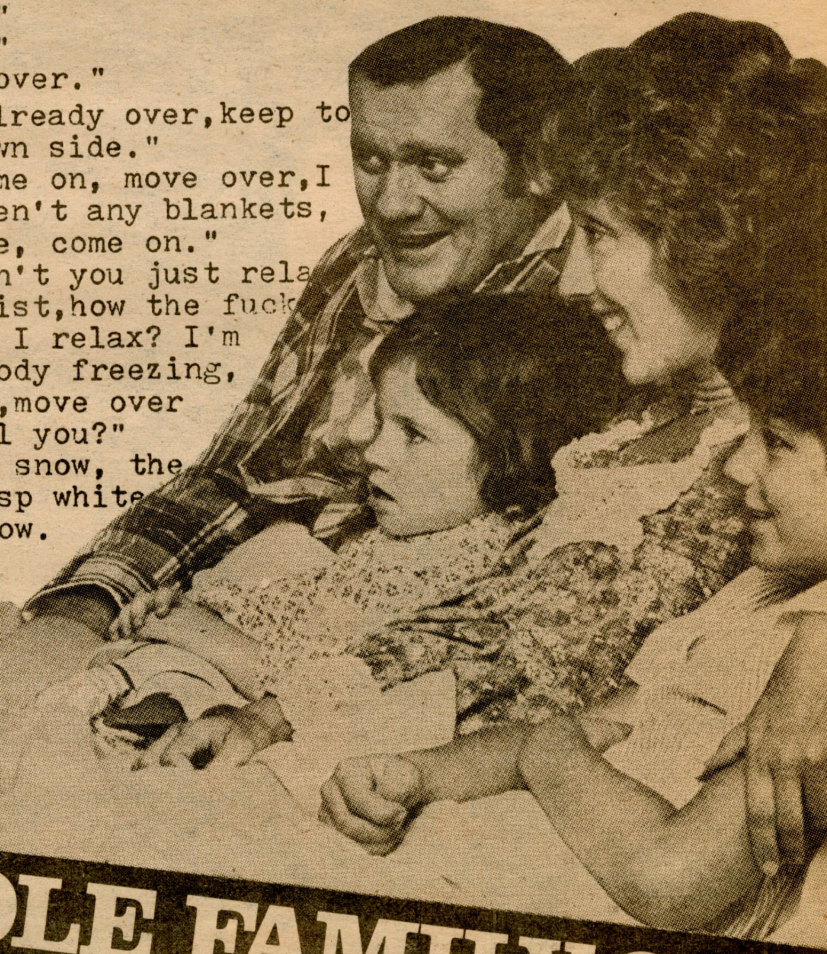
four were male and two female.
"Christ,the smell,its foul."
I pop open my eyes,my legs form a line of black, (I wear black,the colour of death),pointing towards the glowing embers of tonights fire. I am aware only of the silence of the windows and the permanence of glass.
It is 6.11pm.,the elderly gentleman sits in the reclining armchair watching a news report, illuminated in the multicolours of the cathode-ray.
'.....of a multiple pile up on the highway between London and.....'
"Terrible. How terrible."
'.....into a bridge....'
"So depressing,nothing good,so depressing."
'.....deaths have been confirmed although....'
"Darling,come and see this,why aren't people more careful? God,its awful,they ought to know better,its so depressing."
'.....severely burnt and reports coming in indicate.....'
"Its so depressing,the news is so depressing."
"Drink?"
"What?"
'.....and the full death-count will.....'
"Do you want a drink,it will cheer you up."
COLD.FUCKING COLD.FROZEN FLESH THAT CLINGS TO THE PISTOL GRIP.
"Depressing,no,no,I'll have one after the weather report,not now,no. The weather report will be on soon."
"Turn down the sound."
"What? What?"
"Turn down the sound,until the weather report."
"No,no,I like to know whats happening. The news"

"But it always depresses you so."
"But its the news,I want to know whats going on."
'.....are blaming the terrorist activities for the.....'
"Oh please turn it down."
'.....death of the German banker.....'
"What was that? What? Germans? What Germans? What are they talking about?"
"Something about Germans I think."
"Yes,but which Germans? Terrorists,bloody terrorists."
WAR.FUCKING WAR.TORN FLESH THAT CLINGS TO THE PISTOL GRIP. My nappies were bayonet sheaths for your bloody war. ALL OF THEM.
The condition of the teeth,now glaringly white against the black peeling flesh of the eyeless faces,suggests that there were four adults.
"I'll go and get your supper."
"I just want the weather report. Rain. It might rain."
"Do you want to eat now or later."
"Again today."
A YOUNG BOY.
"You see they want you to keep yourself to yourself,if you don't,they'll have you,they're mean bastards like that."
It appears that the occupants of the car were on a shopping expedition. The boot has remained reasonably unnaffected by the blaze affording protection to the large number of consumer goods inside it. Several of the plastic items have melted in the heat spilling multicolour layers onto many of the other packages.
"Its a matter of keeping a low profile."
An expensive Japanese camera,faultless,and a flintless cigarette lighter.
"I suppose that sometimes you have to stick your nose out a bit."
The pages of a glossy nude album turn in the wake of passing vehicles. The perfectly lit bodies make a grotesque tableau against the blackened corpses being pulled from the wreckage.
"Whose tea-party is this?"
'.....it is projected.....'
"Fucking bastards."
'.....can reasonably be expected to be terminated by.....'
"It makes me want to puke."
"The smell. The fucking smell."
'.....army bomb disposal experts are being called in to.....'
"Why can't they learn? It makes me want to puke."
SHOVELS BY THE TOTEM POLE.THEIR DESIRE.A BLANKET IN THE BODY-BAG.
"The smell."
At Gatwick airport a comedian tells a rascist joke to his primarily white,bored,audience. No one objects.
"HA"
C O S T A D E L S O L
"I do care. I want the weather report."
"I'll ring her now."
"Why?"
"I want to see if the boys are better."
"Better?"
"Colds."
"Colds?"
"They've had colds."
"Yes."
"Colds."
"The weather,its the weather."
"Now?"
"Now what?"
"The weather."
"No,their colds,its the weather."
"Don't be silly dear,they caught them in Spain, holiday,Spain."
"Its on,the weather report is on. Now."
"Now?"
"Do you want to see it?"
"I'll ring her now."
"They had glorious weather. All the time."
C O S T A
"Hello...yes its me....(no,its her.Weather?).. sorry,yes,its me....yes,hello....(oh for goodness sake,what?)....hello....."
"What Mum,yes its me,yes...no...he just got in.. yes..I saw it....terrible...he missed it by several hours....yes he's been driving all day.. I know...yes...oh yes,they're better now,they got so bored....(its Mum)....thanks again for the lift...yes,dad hates those big roads..... still he saw the aeroplanes,he likes that, doesn't he?....oh yes,we've got some lovely snaps of the boys...."
Lit in the hollow flash of Hiroshima morning, the rivers run dry,the cherry trees melt in the second dawn,multicolour layers of molten earth, fleshy stains that were persons,(unknown,burnt beyond recognition),fused away.I look for the stains in the cloth,the stains are BRANDED ON THE FLESH.
N A G A S A K I
IN THE FLASH OF IT.
"....yes,with the new camera....(you two,stop shouting or you can go to bed)...."
Wrapped in the hollow flesh of Treblinka nights, the sap is gone,the birch forest is an unguarded morgue,the dogs pick at will,beyond the perimeter fence. He is a shadow amongst THE OTHER BODIES,(unknown,burnt beyond recognition), roasted away. I look for the stains on the cloth,the stains are BRANDED ON THE FLESH.
As numbers.
A.N.R.
B A Y E R
The cattletrucks are full. The cowboy slaughters beef in Imperial Japan.
A U S C H W I T Z
"..yes...yes they are...they're playing with the puzzle you gave them....yes....yes."
"Rain. Its going to rain."
"Weather report."
"Yes.Rain."
"Its going to rain."
"Rain rain."
"Its going to rain."
SO VERY DEPRESSING.
"I wish to offer my humblest etc.,etc.,etc.,"
"She can't have children."
"Babies? Sterile?"
"She can't have one."
"It could be you."
"What? No. I can get it up alright."
"All the same."
"Easy,makes it good and easy,no worries,straight up,wham wham. No worry."
D E L S O L
"Want babies.I want babies."
"You can't,you can't do it,can you?"
"You shit,shit,you remind me,always remind me,I think you're glad,you don't care."
"I do care. You can't have children. You're sterile. Tough."

"I hate that word, sterile, I hate it."
"O.K. then, impotent."
"Stop it, stop it."
"FRIGID."
"I'm not, not."
"You can't have babies, can you?"
THE SHOVEL IN HALF-BLADES.
"Fair enough by me, no problem. I've got her on the pill though, just in case."
"Sod that, I wouldn't have mine on the pill, any old fucker could get up her then, you never know, do you?"
"I can't have babies."
BABIES/BABIES/BABIES.
"Five minutes."
"What? What? Five minutes? Five? Where is it? Where? Five minutes?"
"FIVE."
"You said five."
"Yes, yes,five."
"The weather report."
"Weather report?Five minutes?When?"
"Yes. Yes."
He puts the filled tea-cup hastily on the coffee-table.The almost unsmoked cigarette burns in the ash tray.
T O T A L O R D E R
The acrid smell of the tobacco fills the room. The taps are turned.
C O S T A
The body is a vulnerable entity divided by its contents from everything around.The plastic family.PERFECT ORDER.INTACT. He brings his hand across her mouth.
PEOPLE/PEOPLE/PEOPLE.
She throws the china plate onto the concrete floor. "Bastards." It smashes into many pieces. He sweeps up the pieces with the leaves, carpet hairs and coal dust.
Better on the RHINE.This gold of HIS swastika, worn as a WRIST watch. She softly pats his hand.He recoils with fifty years repressed hatred.
"I know better than you."
"Babies."
The child's body is broken in MANY places.
"The bind. The twist.This is it."
F R E U D J U N G. Adolescence of the MIND.
"I think what you mean is won't."
"Can't babies."
"Have you any FURTHER problems I can deal with?"
B A B I E S
"Christ, the smell."
"I'm not asking you, I'm telling you."
She opens her legs wider, strains AGAINST the placenta. Drab winter, blackened form of ice-killed rose, sunflower too soft for finch and sparrow, clung in the aweful breeze. YOUR MEDICINE.Early night, that TWO is infertile. Indistinct.The garden harbours bodies, (as before,)shapes that DESIGN to oppress, shadows of PRE-MEMORY, saddened by MY OWN creative histories.

Bodies and bodies parts.Arms that reach against that other growth.Spring.Drawn back.Repressed. All this time.MARX IS A GASH UPON MY MOUTH. "I love you,want you, need you."(Contradictory proof of love as perversion).Desolation signs. Neon notions on OUR highway. UPON HOLLOW POLES. Inscribed. Shoved into the sterile soil. Reached into the premature NIGHT.
"Can't,the babies."
"Its the weather report."
"I can't have babies."
"Five minutes. The weather report."
"Mine"
"Weather report. Mine too."
"Baby."
"Rain."
"MY BABY."
"Baby?"
"Unborn babies."
"All over. All again. Placenta. Wrapped in her placenta. Drawn out with THESE BARBY forcep The blood of your mother."
"Motherhood."
"Mother?"
"Not I."
"Dead?"
"Already."
"The babies?"
"Too. Dead in the monotony. Dead in the dust of NEGATIVITY."
H I R O S H I M A
"Dead in the soil of triviality."
T R E B L I N K A
"The banner we have to bear."
"Cross."
"We bear."
MY OWN NIHILISM.
"Sometimes we have to....."
"Over."
MY OWN ANARCHY.
"Over."
"Mmmm?"
"Move over."
"I'm already over,keep to your own side."
"Come on, move over,I haven't any blankets, move, come on."
"Can't you just rela
Christ,how the fuck
can I relax? I'm
bloody freezing,
now,move over
will you?"
The snow, the
crisp white
snow.





THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN GET A BELLYFUL





"Come on fucking well move over."
I touch the dry white snow. Crisp as I MIGHT HAVE BEEN. My head is dried up now. The bruises are now but a sharp pain. A silly self-infliction. Maybe rationalised away.
He pulls her across the bed forcing his body between her legs. "Now,bloody well lie still will you?"
The supermarket is offering cut prices on jams, condensed milk and dog foods. All three are cheap. All three,mixed together,gently heated and poured into a medium size sock,can be fucked.
Cats can be fucked in the arse. Larger animals, goats,sheep,cows etc.,can be fucked in the cunt and arse.
"Its 9.30."
"Well?"
"Its 9.30."
She runs the tip of the vibrator across her clitoris,down,past her cunt,to her arse,then back.
"You,"she sighs,"You."
"Can't have them."
"I think what you mean to say is won't."
"No,I can't,I mean can't."
"I think not."
The small girl in the yellow pleated dress and turquoise blouse,falls back onto the orange and brown carpet. The crack on her forehead pumps out a mixture of blood and tissue,illuminated by the BLUE of the cathode-ray.
'.....the German terrorist group responsible for..'
The bland of cathode-ray. The television that PUMPS as it SUCKS. Foetal rhythms,contractions,the CHILD TURNS IN THE WOMB. Crawling into the otherwise unlit room.
"Bastards,fucking bastards."
The hammer smashes into the back of the neck,the head is severed from the SPINAL COLUMN,sprays of gore,grey,red,blue. Splashes of cathode,RAY,sperm, stains in the nightmare. Splashes on the vinyl COUCH.
"BASTARDS".
"The smell,Christ,the smell."
"Will John be home for tea?"
"I don't know he's so unpredictable."
"Over. Over you bastard."
"Del Sol. that means....what does it mean?"
"It means sun,doesn't it?"
"Yes I think it does.....how clever of you dear."
"Will you be needing this anymore?"
"I haven't been using it."
"Well someone has and it wasn't me."
The hammer is placed in the shed with the body-bag.ON THE MEAT HOOK.
"Costa."
"Costa?"
"Costa."
F.U.C.K.E.D. Now,give it a rest.
"LIE STILL,BASTARD."Struggles in the ECSTACY.
"Bastard." His hook.
"Mum,its me. I'm worried about the boys."
The bruises cleared. Dull ache. Memory. Caught. Inflicted. Sober metamorphosis by HIS MASTER-PIECE. I have no GRIP. Slid by the lakeside,by these animals. In indifference. I see illumination BEFORE THE PHOENIX. I draw focus on the BRAIN, interpreted,eyes that inform,the interminable distance between the BOTH. Suspended FORM.
"The boys."
"Time and time again."
"I'VE TOLD YOU."
"If I've told you once I've told you"
"How many times do I have to....."
AGAIN/AGAIN/AGAIN.
Strapped to the wall of the asylum. AGAIN,CHRIST, AGAIN. Del Sol. Sol o Mio. MIO APARTIMENTO.
"Nice,yes,very nice."
"ILL TAKE IT."
"The boys."
G I R L
Reading this celebration. Shrinking away. Now.Now Girl. My breath is foul. I am stifled in thought A DIMENSION. BASTARD. Move,over. The ray.CATHODE. The rays slice between these VISIONS. Bought out. SOLD. I am named FOUL,nailed FOUL. Three pins. THE VIRGIN.
The two boys leap onto the body of the small girl pools of blood pattern the turquoise blouse,the alter-cloth. The eldest boy takes out his prick,
"Suck this fucker,suck this."
HOW? THE CHILD IS DEAD.
The chrysanthemums.
The glass of the apartment missts in the cool of the EVENING. The cattle press against the perimeter fence. My head contracts. The pain runs in sharp lines across the TEMPLES. I touch the tender eyelids,torn in stained vision. THIS CHURC OF CHRIST. You goodly souls.
The bodies are limbless,eaten by the acid of time The blackened flakes of CRISP flesh are scattered in these DRY boxes,so deeply hidden.
COLD BY THE GRANITE ROCK. Lost in the swirl of sand,another cry,voice,PARODY.
The car. I wash the car. I have scored grains of mud from the HEADLIGHTS illumination of these grey threads that SPEED US AWAY. The bodies lay STILL in the vinyl mouldings of the interior. I RETURN, at night.
T H E S A C R A M E N T
"Hold it there,there."
Gulls mirror the white that breaks upon the dull grey ocean. She whistles a tune. SOBER.
SOL O MIO
The spit is forced through her teeth in the struggle for higher pitch,caught and carried in the wind. AFTERNOON. Settled in the bankers hall way. Again and again and again. Her FATHER moves quietly towards her through the soft green grass.
"I AM NOT HE,"he shouts into her terrified face, "NOT HE."
"Those lovely children,see there,there....LOOK.... OH FOR GOODNESS SAKE,LOOK."
"They play like lambs."
"Its the boys,I'm worried about the boys."
The elderly man looks at the back of his hands, WEATHERED."They old,they them."
T I M E
"You bastards,off,OFF." They slide away from his threatening gestures in the blue light of the TELEVISION set.
'.....are expected to meet sometime in the spring western powers are.....'
A S T A T E O F E M E R G E N C Y
YES.

I have bought and stood by them. The products. They line the street where I walk,caught in their derision. I SENSE a fear that perhaps these ARE the reality of my existence. I sought to destroy them,REDIRECT THEIR power,played with the idea of ARMS,BULLETS,SHOT into the mayhem,defense against the silent oppressor. I have publicly shouted out my distaste,a bitter BABEL that puckers THE MOUTH A Spit. Now perhaps I stride out again into that snow covered field to stand halfway between resting points. TO STAND BEWILDERED AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.
I feel the ice about my boots.
I WEAR BLACK,THE COLOUR OF DEATH. FLEETING IN MY ARROGANCE, I turn to you.

THE OBJECTS UNSOILED/IT'S PACKED READY AND WAITING
FOR THE MOMENT OF TRUTH IN THIS SPIRITUAL MATING
THE OBJECTS UNSOILED/IT'S PACKED READY AND WAITING
TO BE OWNED TO BE CHERISHED TO BE FUCKED FOR THE NAMING
THE PUBLIC ARE SHOCKED BY THE STATE OF SOCIETY
BUT AS FOR YOU YOURE A BREATH OF PURITY/WELL DON"T GIVE ME YOUR MORALS
THEY 'RE FILTH IN MY EYES/YOU CAN PACK THEM AWAY WITH THE REST OF YOUR LIES
YOUR PAINTED MASK OF UGLY PERFECTION/THE RING ON YOUR FINGER
THE PROOF OF PROTECTION/IS THE RAPE ON PAGE THREE/IS THE SOLDIERS OBSESSION
HOW WELL YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT TO SUPPORT YOUR OPPRESSION
ONE GOD/ONE CHURCH/ONE HUSBAND/ONE WIFE/
SORDID SEQUENCIES IN BRILLIANT LIFE/SUPPORTS AND PROPS AND PUNCTUATION
TO OUR FLOWING REALITY AND REALISATION/WE ARE TALKING WITH WORDS THAT HAVE
BEEN USED BEFORE/TO DESCRIBE US AS GODESSES/MOTHERS/AND WHORES
TO DESCRIBE US AS WOMEN/TO DESCRIBE US AS MEN/TO SET OUT THE RULES OF THIS
LUDICROUS GAME/AND IT'S PLAYED VERY CAREFULLY/A DELICATE BALANCE
THE MASCULINE/FEMININE PERFECT ALLIANCE/DOES THE WINNER TAKE ALL
WHAT LOVE IN YOUR GRASPING/WHAT COLOUR IS LEFT/AND IS ANYONE ASKING?



The Perfect Union



The same amount of trash that's in front of this house

A Fashion that doesn't fall apart.

Y



For a moment she wanted to hold them still,never let them grow up.

Daves wife was recovering from a nervous breakdown she'd had two years earlier on realising that she would never have children.

She would wear down her resistance. Women did and her beauty was a powerful weapon. Logan hadn't seemed to care during their estrangement.

'I have to see you'. Karen Redmores heart sank as she read the message thrust under the door of her luxurious London apartment.

The Flambeau gas log effect fire is shielded by a heatproof smoked-glass pillar through which flames can be seen. The glass when framed with stainless steel makes an attractive feature in any lounge.

Her husband was back. This man who so obviously felt nothing for her.

At the hall Lisa admitted she was pregnant.Fertilisation had been achieved by artificial insemination with her husbands sperm which had been kept frozen for several months after he died of cancer.

"Tell me the truth," he grated, then pulled her roughly into his arms, his caresses brutal.

Thoughtless,she stepped off the pavement.There was a squealing of brakes.Shouts... when consciousness returned she was in the hospital.Ben gave an impatient murmer, "I'll leave you girls to talk, ok?"

Karen nodded dully. She reverted to her brittle artificial manner of speech.

"Have you told your mother?" she demanded. Eileen looked around,her mouth tight with impatience. "If only we could all stop pretending" she thought. "She isn't very pleased about it I'm afraid, but for me this has come in the nature of a blessing, I've been wondering what to do with myself for a while now".

"I know all isn't quite as well between you and Ben as you'd both have me believe but God willing, I shall hold my first grandchild in my arms.Lets keep our fingers crossed

God puts temptation in our way in order to strengthen our faith and develop our characters says Canon R.C. Stevens.

"It doesn't matter" she said tonelessly. How could he talk as if nothing had changed They still pretended even though only four nights ago he had flung all the same old accusations at her in his rage and lost control of his emotions.

She was determined not to give him the chance to touch her. It seemed impossible for them to be together without bitterness. So wasn't it better to be silent? She lacked the strength to fight anymore.

He waited, his face dark,set full of anger. The silence between them was a tangible barrier. "Don't argue", he said in a low harsh voice,"just don't bother." But why, why for two long endless years?

She threw the portable television at him and screamed that she wanted to get rid of the baby.

"I was feeling guilty."

"It was your hair, the way you used to wear it when I first met you."

He gave her clothes, money and jewels.Took her to parties and night clubs,anywhere she could be admired. Admiration had become a drug she could not do without.

"Marry her, that whore?" Rose exploded.
"Rose, you should not be so bitter" he explained softly,"there's going to be a baby.

"We have total control over the whole human race",Dr. Wexford commented.

"You will have everything you want."
Except the things she longed for. His love,a share of his life and a child of his.

"I forget."He lied. He waited for the lash of her bitter tongue.Nicole listened blankly.....She would get the old fool on the telephone when she arrived.
But Nicole was killed when Gavin Hepworth's fast car skidded on an alpine road."She was always a monster,fatal,destructive and without a conscience."

The marriage was a disaster,it only lasted four months. For the first time in my life there was nobody around to catch me when I fell. Consequently I went into another bad marriage for exactly the same reasons. When that folded my father said I was a disgrace.

"These days,"said Janice,towards the end of the coffee morning,"my husband and my child come first,then my family and my health. Joe and I are so blessed with material things."

"All the beautiful things", Sandra explained to her neighbour whilst the kids were watching T.V. "Our marvellous kitchen,the stereo,the colour television and the lovely rugs and carpets,and of course our key to freedom, the car and boat."

Bacon comes from pigs specifically bred for the purpose. The bacon is pink and sold only in vacuum packs.

Beset with problems I'd have to solve before the long hours were over and it was time to sink exhausted into tears and sleep.

A demanding and difficult father,regarding his children not as individuals,so much as extentions of himself. Bobby would have to excel in all departments.Looks.Brains. Athletic ability.Leadership. And Linda, already obviously rather clever, would have to grow up beautiful as well. After all,they were His children,weren't they?

Rosemary is tall and rather caustic. She's been happily and successfully divorced three times.

I drew three people:mother,Josephine and Mike. We three. Except.....I added the stick figure of a man. It looked much better now,more satisfying,the family as it really ought to be.

"I turned on the telly just to cheer them up a bit..Bionic woman,it's their favourite."

Alone in her hotel room,Agatha unpacked her case. She took out a hot-water bottle, a

comb and two bottles of medicine,one of which was marked'poison'. On the bedside table she set up a leather framed photograph of her child. Would she ever be released from the pain?

"I am now nearing the 'change of life' and I am worried about how long you should wait before stopping precautions."

Three girls at work have left in the last year to have babies. I fix a perpetual smile on my face,when all the time I'm knotted up inside with jealousy."When are you going to make your mum a granny then?"

It is hardest in the beginning when your fingers are still used to baby dolls.

The only perfume I really like is 'Y' by Yves St.Laurent.It reminds me of my wife-and we have three children to prove how I feel about it. What would I choose for myself?Again there is only one'Aramis' by Estee Lauder the smell is manly,tangy,it is the only one I've found that has instant sex appeal.

He felt guilty.

You shouldn't shout at daddy.

They were back to not speaking to each other that evening.

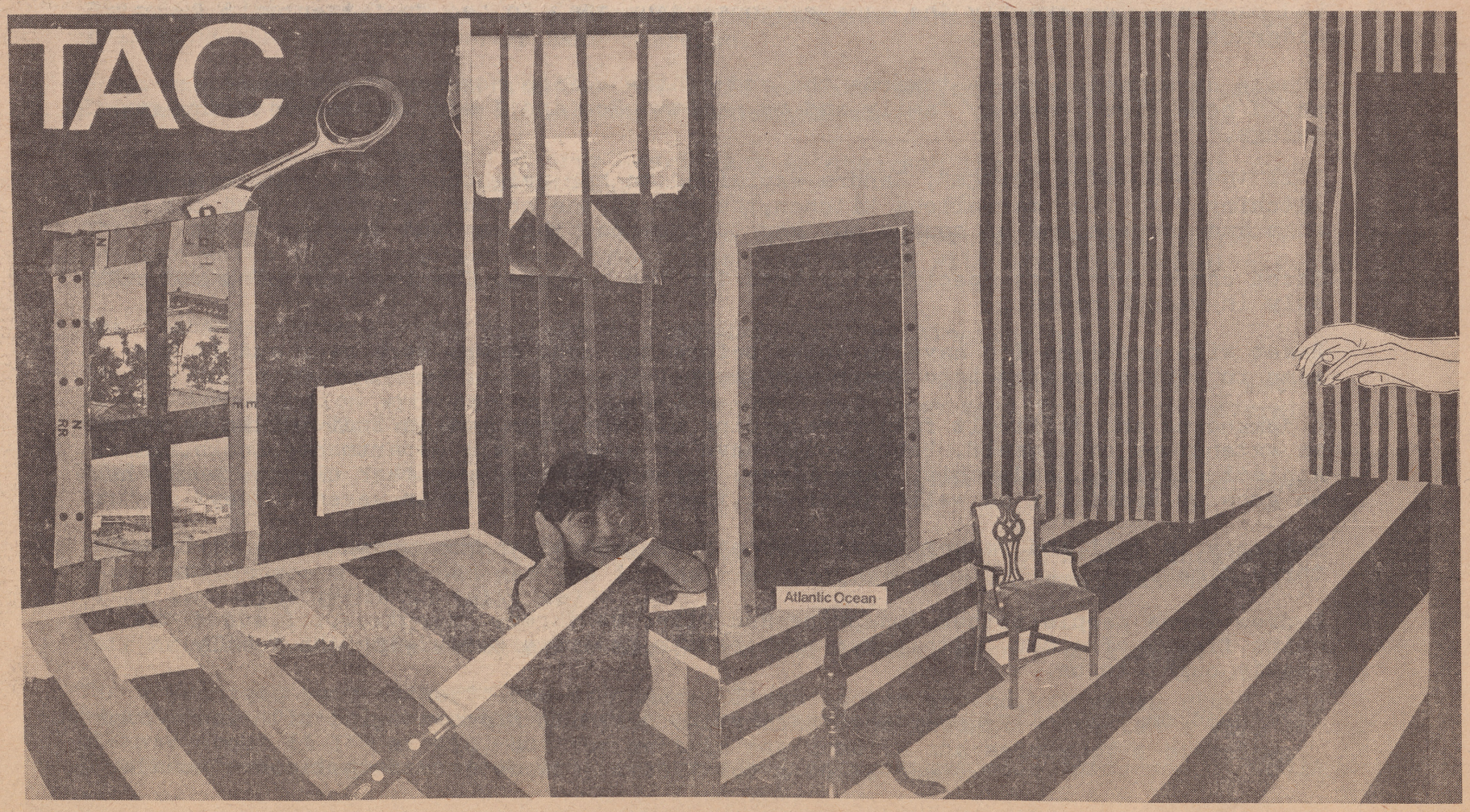
After an early lunch she switched on the television for the boys.Sarah gave herself a facial,then curled up in the big armchair.She couldn't resist having just one look to see if they were really love letters.

"My dear,it's the intimacy I miss,waking each morning, complaining about the weather or the news,discussing the children,burning the toast,listening to the wireless - arguing.

We rarely speak to each other now and when we do it is hardly worth it.I just don't know where I'll go from here. I'm so insecure.

He twisted the hook from the mackerel's gasping mouth and bashed its head against the side of the pail.

'This is the real me' I purred at the full length mirror. I wore pale grey floating chiffon,the exact colour of my eyes, my hair as smooth as silk, curling up at the ends and high heeled sandals consisting of mere wisps of leather ribbons.



Fresh mackerel is available all the year round. It has shiny grey-green scales and is very meaty. The flesh is darker than in other fish. Wash and gut the mackerel. Cut off the head,tail and fins. Cut into 1½ inch thick slices. Pound or mash the flesh thoroughly.

They landed among my prize chrysanthemums. I had spent the better part of a week trying to fend off the dangerous advances of Daisy's treacherous doll's pram and Sam's enormous fire engine in order to prevent this.

Happy,comfortable and well adjusted,a state attributed not only to the onset of middle aged maturity,but to many years of psychoanalysis.

"I suppose I'm feeling jealous."

"My mother comes to my house every day except Sunday at about eleven o'clock and stays until four,"Janice blurted out. "I just can't get on with the housework and this is causing trouble between me and my husband."

We were happy in the new semi-detached on the Moorside Estate,Michael and I. I kept the house like a new pin, well it was all I had to do. I'd look around at my lovely home and family.....

The'Lanai'living room,so called for it's indoor-out-door look created by sliding glass doors,is the scene of family get-togethers. It is organised for great comfort and decorated with Ted's vintage model cars which offset the antique leather look vinyl covered armchairs very nicely I think.

The baby batterer is not a distiguishable type;nothing obvious singles her out from the rest of us. Every mother who has clenched her fists and restrained the urge to scream at the fractious small child can recognise the crisis point.

Depressed,isolated,lonely,she had no relief from the exhausting demands of her child.

The child seems to have lost all natural responses, already emotionally crippled.

Her father often beats her mother.

They cuddle the dolly,their first dolly.

Our psychiatrist discovered that she was [illegible]

So thin. She had known such misery [illegible]

"She never stopped yelling,Lon used to [illegible] her up. I got so knotted up inside all I could [illegible] bash her one" said Tina..



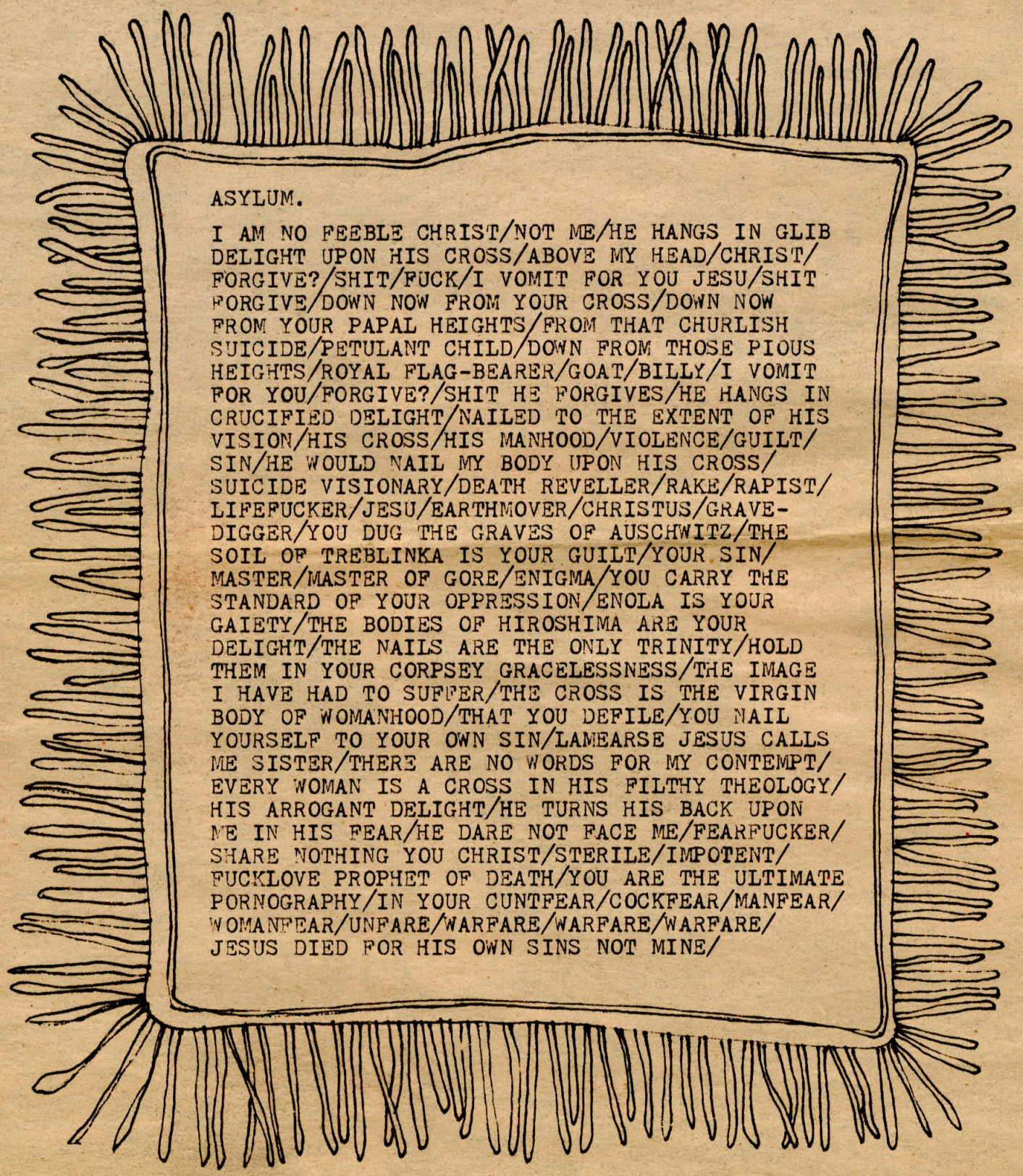
resolution is PROCESS.PROCESS is HORIZONTAL. THERE is NO absolution in HORIZONTAL time/space It is THROUGH the science of PERSPECTIVE that those millions have died/THE I THAT IS THE LAI. MAN ABOVE NATURE.MAN ABOVE.MAN.M A N . M A N . Man A bove Nature.THE ROOT OF THE DOMINANCE/ MASCULINITY/MILITARY/NATIONALIST/NAZI THAT IS

MAN
MAN
MAN
MAN

forget the death-CAMPS/they are as nothing against that FINAL solution that is the man ABOVE nature/torn in HIS own NATURES/MAN has his final solution/WOOLWORTH/ICI/FORD/REMEMBER/ REMEMBER/THE CORPORATION/lest WE FORGET/THE DEATH OF THOSE CAMPS ARE AS NOTHING AGAINST THESE FORCES/THAT solution HAS A COMPASSION THAT THESE FORCES can NEVER REALISE/the chambers now are slow to KILL/BUT KILL THEY WILL/ AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN/your life is a SEMANTIC against this judenhetze/you STRUGGLE to PAY the OVERLORDS OF THIS REGIME/you can never be free/ YOUR OWN FASCISM is the seal to it/YOUR SUBJUGATION/you are led BY YOURSELF to THOSE DOORS/ you are led in your acceptance/CHRIST LEADS/ MARX LEADS/POPE/BUDDHA/HITLER/CARTER/CALLAGHAN/ THEY LEAD within YOU/you are following BECAUSE YOU ALLOW YOURSELF to be BUT HALF OF THEM,BUT HALF OF YOU/the nouveau REICH are the survivors of the third riche/your avarice and desire is the gas you will breathe, the bullwhip that will mark your FLESH, the fist, the SALUTE/YOUR NAZI SUPER-CHRISTS FILL THE AIRWAVES EVERY DAY/ THEY WAKE YOU WITH THEIR HATRED EVERY DAY/ THEY ARE PRESENT EVERY DAY/and on SATURDAY you wear your yellow star to the HIGH STREET and the SUPERSTORE/you wear it for THEM/in your subjugation you wear it for THEM/there is NO absolution because you seek resolve/there is no resolve because you seek agreement in your own schizophrenia/because you seek resolve in the REALITY YOU PERCEIVE/you seek no answers, though you delude yourself that that is your aim/you seek only the subjugated(fascist)agreement(compromise)from your question(the nazi overlord)/you do not seek illumination/you do not seek to illuminate/YOU SEEK TO SHARE (promote)YOUR OWN DARKNESS.you lead to the death-camp because you are led there/there are those (THAT HAVE NOT WORN THAT STAR)that you would CAST OUT ENTIRELY(not for them the dignity of the cross and chamber)/IN THE EXPLOITATION AND VIOLATION THAT YOU ENSURE IN YOUR USE OF I MODES(one against the other,both in self and with other)YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU ACHIEVE A SINGULARITY/YOU SEE TO YOUR OWN EXECUTION/YOU ARE BOTH FASCIST AND NAZI/BOTH ONE AND THE OTHER/ you hold your left hand in your right and, LAUGHING, you walk to your death/CHRIST DIED FOR NO ONES SINS BUT HIS OWN/YOU BESIDE HIM/ THE SIN OF resolution/EVERYbody on THAT TRUCK IS A CHRIST/every a christ/VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN FASCISM/so you sit before your overlords, your churches, your temples, your schools, your courts of law, your SMUTTY SURGERY, awaiting YOUR PHIAL FROM BAYER, your own VERY personal POISON/you torture yourselves in your temples of greed/ you stare at the goods behind the PLATE-GLASS as those striped victims stared from the barbed sire/

THE POLISH LANDSCAPE BEYOND THE CONFINES OF TREBLINKA, IS THE CONSUMER PRODUCT BEYOND THE CONFINES OF THE HIGH STREET.
THOSE COMMUTER TRAINS ARE THE SAME CATTLE TRUCKS.


MANIMEX
CASIO
8:34
FX-310
MATRIX SOUND SYSTEM



ASYLUM.

I AM NO FEEBLE CHRIST/NOT ME/HE HANGS IN GLIB DELIGHT UPON HIS CROSS/ABOVE MY HEAD/CHRIST/ FORGIVE?/SHIT/FUCK/I VOMIT FOR YOU JESU/SHIT FORGIVE/DOWN NOW FROM YOUR CROSS/DOWN NOW FROM YOUR PAPAL HEIGHTS/FROM THAT CHURLISH SUICIDE/PETULANT CHILD/DOWN FROM THOSE PIOUS HEIGHTS/ROYAL FLAG-BEARER/GOAT/BILLY/I VOMIT FOR YOU/FORGIVE?/SHIT HE FORGIVES/HE HANGS IN CRUCIFIED DELIGHT/NAILED TO THE EXTENT OF HIS VISION/HIS CROSS/HIS MANHOOD/VIOLENCE/GUILT/ SIN/HE WOULD NAIL MY BODY UPON HIS CROSS/ SUICIDE VISIONARY/DEATH REVELLER/RAKE/RAPIST/ LIFEFUCKER/JESU/EARTHMOVER/CHRISTUS/GRAVE-DIGGER/YOU DUG THE GRAVES OF AUSCHWITZ/THE SOIL OF TREBLINKA IS YOUR GUILT/YOUR SIN/ MASTER/MASTER OF GORE/ENIGMA/YOU CARRY THE STANDARD OF YOUR OPPRESSION/ENOLA IS YOUR GAIETY/THE BODIES OF HIROSHIMA ARE YOUR DELIGHT/THE NAILS ARE THE ONLY TRINITY/HOLD THEM IN YOUR CORPSEY GRACELESSNESS/THE IMAGE I HAVE HAD TO SUFFER/THE CROSS IS THE VIRGIN BODY OF WOMANHOOD/THAT YOU DEFILE/YOU NAIL YOURSELF TO YOUR OWN SIN/LAMEARSE JESUS CALLS ME SISTER/THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR MY CONTEMPT/ EVERY WOMAN IS A CROSS IN HIS FILTHY THEOLOGY/ HIS ARROGANT DELIGHT/HE TURNS HIS BACK UPON ME IN HIS FEAR/HE DARE NOT FACE ME/FEARFUCKER/ SHARE NOTHING YOU CHRIST/STERILE/IMPOTENT/ FUCKLOVE PROPHET OF DEATH/YOU ARE THE ULTIMATE PORNOGRAPHY/IN YOUR CUNTFEAR/COCKFEAR/MANFEAR/ WOMANFEAR/UNFARE/WARFARE/WARFARE/WARFARE/ JESUS DIED FOR HIS OWN SINS NOT MINE/